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PARLIAMENTARY FRAGMENTS.

The parliamentary ceremonial has varied but little for many centuries. Foreigners are obliged every year to repeat their astonishment when they see the beef-eaters of the Tudor princes, and other relics of the middle ages, still holding their place among the 'most progressive of nations.' No notice of an English ceremonial can appear in a foreign newspaper without this necessary reflection. A very worthy Swiss gentleman, who visited England during the Exhibition of 1851, published an amusing account of his experiences in the *Revue Suisse*. He there sets down this as the most striking characteristic of the nation, and gives as an instance of the difficulty with which England 'breaks with the past,' that the scholars of Winchester College, although excellent Protestants, never pass an image of the Virgin without raising their hats. Where the excellent and simple-minded mountaineer got at this fact, it would be difficult to say, seeing that images of the Virgin, to go no further, are not common at Winchester. But the very assertion proves the general notion on the continent, that the true Briton will part with no tittle of his forms and ceremonies, whatever else may be changing around him.

Of these permanent features of our customs, the parliamentary manners are amongst the most persistent and the most striking. While the political features of either House are altered—how altered, none but those intimately acquainted with its internal proceedings can fully appreciate—the habits of 500 years back are still preserved. The sovereign enters in the guise of a despot, the peers comport themselves with the haughty rudeness of the military baron, and the commons are still, externally, the humble *bourgeoisie*, from which their title of burgesses is derived. Yet even here, a few changes have developed themselves in the general bearing and conduct of the members of either branch of the legislature. The lounging attitude which once brought upon a statesman, now pre-eminently distinguished, the question, whether he, as well as his petition, was going to 'lie upon the table?'—this almost impudent *insouciance* is now rarely to be seen. There is, again, no longer the spectacle of a minister or a great orator venturing into the assembly so drunk that he could not keep his legs—a spectacle which the present generation has seen more than once. No modern orator would venture even to raise his spirits or excite his imagination by an appeal to the bottle-imp, to whom so many great speakers of old sold their souls for an inspiration. The House gains in decorum, but

in consequence it loses in liveliness. Here, in fact, lie the great superficial differences between the modern and the ancient House of Commons. The art of joking is lost. Men at the head of their respective parties, who owe their position to their sarcastic talent, have not even ventured on the confines of a jest for the last two sessions. A minister evading a troublesome question by an off-hand reply, is the only distinguished specimen left of the great artist in parliamentary art who could once overturn ministries and almost endanger thrones. But as even the House of Commons must be amused, it takes refuge in occasional outbreaks of its own, highly characteristic of its present temper and position. There are one or two members noted for the oddity of their gesticulations, their curious phraseology, and strange emission of opinion. If, in the midst of the most important debate, one of these men rises with two or three others, though the last may be among the most influential speakers in the House, he is sure to be called for on all sides. As soon as he is once established, every member wakes up, and prepares for a bit of fun. At every fresh gesticulation, the House is convulsed with laughter. It pauses to hear what it takes for granted is some droll notion or other, set off by a yet droller twist of the body; and the wall of the British House of Commons will ring with merriment for five minutes together, during which the member is developing his notion, in happy unconsciousness of the cause of his popularity. The House, then, as it had had the fun of setting the man up, now proceeds to that of putting him down, which it does, in these cases, by drowning his voice, till he is fairly tired of shouting against the uproar. The House then quietly settles down once more to its debate.

The putting down of an obnoxious or tedious speaker has always been one of the liveliest passages of a parliamentary evening. Hitherto, the ordinary custom has been to keep up a perpetual sing-song of the word 'Divide, divide,' till the unpopular orator resumes his seat. Some time ago, an improvement was discovered upon the process, in the shape of getting up a series of loud cheers, which at first so utterly disconcerted the member that he broke down in astonishment. This joke, when it was understood, went out of fashion, but a new one has this year been put in its place: the heavy speaker is assailed with cries of 'Order.' The speaker starts, stammers, looks round, and asks where he is out of order. The House, in place of a reply, bursts out laughing, and the puzzled member runs the chance of being so effectually put out as to be unable to go on.

One of the most serious, but least popular speakers

in the House, began a speech, not long ago, with 'I shall not trouble the House at any length.' 'Hear, hear, hear,' shouted the House. The honourable member waited till they had done, and then coolly repeated his sentence. The House, on this, repeated its cheers. This actually took place not less than seven times, the member as often repeating his sentence with equal coolness, and triumphing at the last.

Another member, talking about the police, said that we were making 'jindarmes' of them. The House laughed at the pronunciation. The member thought they were laughing at the idea, and told them that they might laugh, but that our whole system of police was an organised 'jindarmerie.' The House was in a roar for two minutes. Such are legislative pastimes.

The real business of the House has been transacted, this year still more than the last, after twelve o'clock at night. In fact, with the exception of the money-votes, it would be difficult to find any practical business which has been got through at any other time. It is really curious, after a long debate—in which an infinity of words have been expended, all ending in some bill being withdrawn, or some division on an abstract question determined—to see the House settle down to do something useful. All the political members—the Disraelis and the Walpoles, the Milner Gibsons and the Roebucks—and all the young lords and commoners, the dandy portion of the community, are gone away—the one to their beds, the other to their clubs. There remain about fifty members—at least one half of them Scotch or Irish. On the ministerial bench are Mr Wilson, Mr Hayter, Mr Bouverie, the Lord Advocate, and Mr Horsman. Unwonted forms appear beside them on the ministerial bench—Mr Apsley Pellatt, perhaps, or some other member of the same stamp, charged with the conduct of one of the bills to be got through. Mr Fitzroy takes the chair, reads rapidly through the clauses of the bill, and, with a pencil in his hand, notes down the corrections to be introduced, and talks them over with the parties proposing them in a quiet conversational way. A dozen members make little practical speeches, so much to the purpose, and in so short a time, that one cannot help wondering if these are the same men who, a few hours before, spent hours in talking sentences without a single practical idea in any one of them. In half-an-hour, multitudes of provisions—affecting the homes and the daily pursuits of thousands—are got through in a simple and easy style, and seldom with any great mistakes. It is well known that almost all the erroneous and impracticable bills are those which have been subjected to great debate. The proceedings after twelve are very much those of a board of good practical directors, who have a certain business to get through, and who get through it in the most practical way. No crotchetts are heard in the House after twelve o'clock; wit and whimsicality are all banished; long speeches are of course out of the question; and any man who should attempt to indulge in an idea unnecessary to the business would be instantly put down. It is at this time that the first readings of bills are taken. The uninitiated may often be surprised to find bill after bill stand for second reading, of which they never heard before, and wonder if the first reading was in nubibus or not. It was not in nubibus; but it was in the House at one o'clock in the morning, with about ten members present. Then, the other business having been disposed of, a member is seen to walk to the door of the House, wheels round, and returns with a paper in his hand, of which he reads the title; the clerk of the House takes it, and reads the title after him. This is the first reading of a bill in the House of Commons. It has happened more than once, that the bill itself not being ready, some blank pieces of paper have been placed between a covering of parchment, on which covering was the name of the bill; this

name was given out, and thus a bill was supposed to have passed its first reading. Two instances of this are said to have occurred in the present session, one of them, too, a bill approved by the government, on the poor-laws. We have heard, in the palmy days of joint-stock companies, of a popular conveyancer charged with the deed of settlement of one of these companies, who delayed so long in drawing it, that at last he felt it necessary to do something; so he attended the next meeting, and exhibited a large sheet of blank parchment. 'I have not had time to draw the deed,' he said; 'but here is the place where it is to be.' The cases are somewhat parallel.

The commencement of business in the Commons—which is devoted to private business—is got through in a manner equally hurried in appearance; the two ends of the sitting are, in fact, the true periods of business. But let us not forget that there is another branch of the legislature.

The uniform readiness of the speakers in the House of Lords forms, perhaps, its most striking contrast in debate with the other, at first sight. It is very rarely that any one stutters or stammers in this House. The reasons are manifold—one of them being, that the speakers are almost always the same; another, that they have almost all had long practice in the House of Commons, so that even a new member seldom comes to the Lords an untried man. But the great reason is the limited range of the debate. Of the multifarious topics discussed in the Commons, not one-fifth are more than barely mentioned in the Lords; and the remainder consist of matters which each debater has talked of a thousand times over dinner-tables, at clubs, and political gatherings: besides that, one-half of his opinions are derived from tradition, and are an echo of the lessons he learned in childhood. In the House of Lords, lawyers are not found, at a moment's notice, to speak to points of religious discipline; aldermen on county-rates; and ministers on every subject under the sun. Hence, though the listener is often wearied in the House of Lords, he is seldom annoyed; the stream, such as it is, flows on regularly and continuously, neither spreading into deep, stagnant pools, nor losing itself altogether under ground—as happens to honourable debaters elsewhere.

Nothing can be more languid than the opening of business in the House of Lords. Every one must notice the severe punctuality and immediate procedure of business in the Commons. In the Lords, the chancellor drops quietly in a few minutes after five o'clock, and usually finds the House assembled—for the *habitués* have come to chat and pass away the time, and have had no motive for being behindhand. He sits down; and for ten minutes nothing whatever is done, and it would be difficult to say what the Peers are there for. At last he rises, mutters some unintelligible phrases; upon which the clerk at the table reads some unintelligible sentences. It is a bill being advanced a stage. Again the House relapses—not into silence, for the members are busy enough talking—but into doing nothing. In five minutes more, some noble lord rises and commences a speech, which, from his gesticulations, contortions, thumping of his hands, and the sentences heard at intervals—denouncing the criminality, injustice, folly, and so on, of something or other—one would take to be a matter of vital interest alike to the House and the nation. The only wonder is, that so far as the House is concerned, nobody appears to pay the slightest attention. He is moving for some returns respecting criminal offenders, and is declaiming on the imperfections of criminal justice in the country; the only excuse for the indifference of the Peers is, that he has already made the same speech three times within the past month. When he sits down, after a harangue of three-quarters of an hour, the chancellor gets up, marches some yards up the House, opens the palm of

his right hand, and holds it out to the speaker, who takes it, and says, 'Thank you.'

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his right hand, puts in it the forefinger of the left—in the proper attitude of a man laying down the law—which he certainly is not doing, at anyrate, in an offensive sense. Always sober, clear, impressive, he makes up for the want of energy and originality in his speeches by the perfect good faith of his sentiments and the general soundness of his arguments. He is always listened to with respect and attention, though not often, it must be admitted, with higher feelings.

There are times when the appearance of the House of Lords shews the sense of the regulation of the Commons, which prescribes a fixed number of members to make a House. A noble lord will be delivering a speech on the items of the Russian trade to two peers on one side of the House and one on the other—personal friends who wish to save him the ridicule of giving up, because the House is absolutely empty, or of addressing the lord chancellor by name as his only auditor—as Swift began the church-service to his sole audience, the clerk, with ‘Dearly beloved Roger.’ The proceedings of the House, however, are half the time of such a listless character that the audience seem ready to drop off every moment; and the only persons interested are the visitors to the strangers-gallery, now come to make themselves acquainted with the faces of Lord This and the Earl of That. It is strange what an influence a title has on the gaze of these people: the most forcible speech from a plebeian member elsewhere may probably fail to induce them to ask his name, while they will stare for half an hour on the unmeaning face of a duke, that they may be sure to know it again. Then, besides the gallery, there is a small crowd about the throne; one or two peers have their children there, curly-headed youths, in white trousers, to whom they are pointing out the different places of ministry and opposition, indoctrinating them into the first mysteries of parliamentary tactics, and teaching them betimes to connect the good of their country with their own personal conveniences, ambitions, or expectations.

In truth, were there a far more lively set of debaters, with more lively matters in hand, it would be impossible to be in spirits in such a chamber as the House of Lords. Its golden magnificence oppresses you with the full weight of the metal from which it is derived. Those grim old Magna Charta barons that gaze over their descendants in sable majesty—they are of the blackest bronze—from the niches above, seem to command, with a more than paternal gravity, order and respect in their presence. The eternal carvings, the never-ending devices, all press upon you with their cumbersome magnificence; you need not the throne to remind you that you are supposed to be in presence of majesty; and a royal dinner-party itself would be scarcely more repugnant to a flight of imagination, than Sir C. Barry’s bedizened, be-sculptured, and be-filigreed hall of the fatherless—as the old Irishwoman in pitying accents called the Peers of the United Kingdom. Those pursy walls seem as if they would refuse to echo anything less grave than the sententious traditions which form the staple of eloquence delivered before them.

The relief to this solemnity of grandeur is the presence of the ladies. On every field-night each intending orator brings the females of his family to hear him; it is an occasion for new dresses, and there is not a better place in existence for studying the latest fashions. Almost the whole of the two sides of the House is devoted to gallantry, together with almost all the available room down stairs. The Peers pay the ladies visits at intervals, evidently making very merry with the proceedings down stairs. Lord Redesdale made himself very unpopular a few weeks ago by commenting upon this mode of transacting the business of the nation, and said that it made the House like a casino. This last allusion gave an opening for ridicule against his remarks, which were

true in the main notwithstanding. When this kind of attraction is present, the younger peers will make speeches as much at the women as at the nation; the flirting and allusion going on seem out of place and undignified in the gravest assembly in the world; and business may be seriously hindered when it is sure to be made a subject of quizzification afterwards; for the fair spectators are certain to have an acquaintance, more or less, with at least half of the orators, and are too glad to have something so pregnant with satire to talk about as a parliamentary debate. Besides this, the members of the other House are grievously cramped for room, in consequence of this misplaced gallantry. They have but a couple of corners of the galleries cut off for their accommodation, and are carefully fenced off from intruding beyond; so that a most important member of the House—unless he happens to be a privy-councillor, in which case he has a place by the throne—may be compelled to hear a debate on his knees, with two fat fellow-members crossing their corporations immediately over him, while a bevy of fair dames just by are laughing, flirting, and chatting at their ease. No wonder if complaints are now and then heard in the Commons of the imperfect accommodation afforded them ‘elsewhere.’

Even the presence of ladies does not lighten the intensely heavy appearance of the House. On the contrary, they seem to form a part and parcel of its laboured magnificence, and add a few more to the oppressive splendours which weigh on the aristocratic atmosphere. One longs to shake one’s self, to get rid of the chillness which has taken hold of the spirits, and feel a vigour from fresh air and the simplicity of the blue sky. All this does not at all abate the eagerness of the public to obtain admission to the Lords’ debate; the innate love of gazing at the aristocracy which belongs to the British public gives them an interest in looking at the dullest speech from a nobleman; as for hearing it, this is a luxury by no means common, except from one or two speakers.

Both Houses are often graced by the presence of Indian chiefs, who always appear in full oriental costume for the occasion. During the past year, soldiers have for the first time been admitted in their proper dress to the strangers-gallery. It is strange that up to this time the wearing of the uniform of his country has been an insuperable bar to the presence of any person at the debates of its legislators.

N E W T O N.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NEWTON IN ACTIVE LIFE.

It was the habit of Newton, in his Cambridge-days, to turn aside from mathematics, and work in his chemical laboratory for six weeks every spring and autumn. During this time, he experimented very assiduously, his kinsman, Humphrey Newton, lending him a hand; but the assistant never could make out exactly what the master was doing. The experimenter’s manner was always grave and uncommunicative. There were glass receivers and vessels in the laboratory, but these were scarcely ever touched; the principal business seemed to lie with metals, which were continuously under fusion; the philosopher building and altering his brick-furnaces with his own hands. Antimony was in great request. No result appeared ever to come out of the labours. The experimenter had the air of a man who was ‘aiming at something beyond the reach of human art and industry.’ There was an old mouldy book in the apartment, entitled *Agricola on the Metals*, into which the persevering operator occasionally looked.

Fortunately, there are other sources, more precise than Humphrey Newton's impressions, now available to the curious inquirer, which reveal what the 'aim beyond the reach of human art and industry' was. Newton was trying his hand at the transmutation of metals. There are books on alchemy extant, the margins of which are covered with notes in the philosopher's own handwriting; and Sir David Brewster has seen copies of extracts from alchemical works in the same character. In a letter to a Mr Aston, Newton requests that gentleman to inquire concerning a noted alchemist in Holland, reputed to be in possession of important secrets, and he asks him in general terms to investigate everything that falls in his way during his travels which bears at all upon the processes of transmutation—'the most luciferous and lucriferous experiments in philosophy.'

Whilst Newton was engaged in his subtle mathematical investigations, and still more subtle 'illuminating and gainful' experiments, a visitor arrived at Cambridge, upon what proved to be a very momentous mission. Dr Halley had been for some time endeavouring to determine the laws of the planetary movements, when it occurred to him to try whether he could ascertain by calculation the possibility of those movements being represented by elliptical courses. He found, however, that this calculation was too complex for him to effect as he wished, and he therefore went over to Cambridge to consult Newton upon the matter. To his surprise, he found, in conversation, that the philosopher had long since determined a ready means of accomplishing what he desired, but had so little valued his success, that he had dismissed the subject from his thoughts; and could not now even lay his hand upon the notes he had made of his work at the time. Upon the urgent solicitation of Halley, he again entered upon the same train of investigation, and soon reproduced the method in detail: this was in 1684. The result was communicated to the Royal Society, and, under the management of Halley, printed not long afterwards. This communication formed the first instalment of the immortal work now known under the familiar denomination of *The Principia*, more correctly *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. Halley took care now to keep his illustrious friend at his proper occupation; the laboratory and lucriferous experiments were forgotten, and the real luciferous labours were pushed forward unintermittently. In three years, the doctrines of gravitation were applied to the peculiarities of elliptical movement, and were traced out into all their magic results; and the great code-book of the physical laws of nature was before the world as a completed whole. There can be no doubt that the gratitude of that world for the rich present is in a great measure due to the judicious determination and management whereby Dr Halley overcame the dislike of the studious recluse to fame and notoriety.

A very beautiful little episode is enacted about this time. The mighty sage is interrupted in the midst of his victorious career against the mysteries of the material universe, by a touchingly human interest. He has left Cambridge for a season, and is at Woolsthorpe, watching by the sick-bed of his mother. She is ill with a malignant fever: her days are numbered; and the still form of her illustrious son bends over the bed by night and by day, administering with its own hands the requisite medicines to the sufferer. The great magician is forgetful of his magic in anxiety for his parent. The big brain, at anyrate, cannot preclude the

large heart from taking its proper share also in the destinies of humanity: the philosopher's solicitous care is, however, all in vain—his mother dies of the fever, and is interred at Colsterworth.

The scene about the year 1692 changes altogether, and Newton appears in a perfectly different aspect. He now bitterly proves the accuracy of his own suspicion, that quiet is a greater blessing than notoriety, and finds he has to pay a heavy tax for the right of enlightening the world. Before he can complete his investigations concerning the movements of the moon, he has to ask the astronomer-royal, Flamsteed, to furnish him with a new series of observations of the luminary. These observations, however, are not forthcoming so immediately as his impatience leads him to fancy they might be. The German philosopher, Leibnitz, too, imagined that certain discoveries of his own detract from the value of some of Newton's early mathematical labours, and presses his claim in no very patient terms. These and other like annoyances take the recluse, in spite of himself, so far out of the habits and pursuits which are most congenial and suitable to his temperament, that his bodily health fails under the irritation. For two years, he has been seriously ill; the bodily ailments, of course, react upon the mind; the temper, before so suave, is now suspicious and irritable. All at once the sage, so indifferent to temporal renown, has become exacting, and jealous of his own importance. He writes irritable, and sometimes incoherent notes to his friends; he is pugnacious with both Flamsteed and Leibnitz. Upon one occasion, he is in the chair as president of the Royal Society, when, upon observing certain unseemly grimaces on the part of Dr Sloane, he tells him that he is a 'tricking fellow, a villain, and a rascal.' There can be no doubt that the close and incessant labour which Newton encountered when he undertook to unravel the seemingly tangled skein of the lunar movements, has been too hard a task, even for his gigantic intellect, and that his mind has been somewhat unhinged by the mental effort. He has himself remarked, upon more than one occasion, that his head never ached except when he was studying the complicated conditions of the lunar movements. He writes to Locke, in extenuation of some impatient expression he has used towards him: 'When I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink.' In this there is the clearest evidence that the irritability of the overtired philosopher is a morbid result, and not a natural trait. His brain, large as it is, has been placed through labour in that exhausted condition in which sleep cannot be enjoyed, and then the sleeplessness has perpetuated and aggravated the irritable condition. Viewed in this light, the irascibility of Newton assumes a very interesting aspect, for it serves to connect the almost superhuman mind of the philosopher with the fates of ordinary humanity. It is more pleasant, after all, to think of the great sage who was able to weigh the stars, and measure their courses, as sharing with common mortals the responsibilities and weaknesses which are inseparable from their organisation and state, than it would be to have to contemplate him as of another and higher order of beings. It is agreeable, too, to find that the big brain, tyrant as it is, nevertheless is in a degree dependent for its own uninterrupted rule upon the integrity of the economy with which it is associated. The weakness of Newton dignifies mankind, but his faultless perfection would have been reproach to the human race.

In a very unpretending and admirable article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, occasion has been taken to allude to the question of the temper of Sir Isaac Newton. The conclusion at which the writer arrives, after a consideration of the evidence that has been advanced on opposite sides by prejudiced

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antagonists and indiscreet friends, is, that the philosopher possessed that negative kind of imperturbability which arose from intense absorption in his pursuits and insensibility to things around him; but that whatever tended to arouse him from this absorption, and to take him out of himself, also awakened a sort of resistance and resentment. He was imperturbable when there was nothing to perturb him; but once thrown off from his balance, he had little self-control, and became irritable, and could be even intemperate. It was really a natural sensitiveness of mind—a quality commonly present in the finest natures—which was exaggerated into irritability by hard work and ill health, and which then led to the quarrel with Flamsteed, to the jealousy and suspicion of Leibnitz, to the undignified scene at the Royal Society, and to other passages of like kind. The mind which had fathomed the mysteries of external nature, proved to be unable to understand or master itself. Under this irritability, Newton unquestionably possessed the noblest qualities: he was forgiving, courageous, transparently honest, and incorruptibly pure. As a matter of course, he was generous—such a man could not be mean or narrow in his sympathies. His idea of the intrinsic value of money was just what might have been anticipated in one who had so thorough an acquaintance with the real coin of nature's treasury. Hearing, upon one occasion, that a mathematician had an ingenious book ready for the press, which could not be printed from want of means, he forthwith offered a bag of money to defray the expense. His notion of a doctor's fee was a handful of gold taken from his coat-pocket; and when the famous surgeon, Cheselden, once remonstrated with him for remunerating his professional services after this fashion, he rejoined laughingly: 'Why, doctor, what if I do give you more than your fee?'

The last scene of this interesting life-drama has now to be glanced at. The rooms in Trinity College and the trim garden are deserted; the professorship and fellowship at Cambridge have been resigned, and the philosopher, full of years and of honours, is residing in a town-house, presided over by a graceful housekeeper, Catherine Barton, the child of one of his half-sisters, who has been educated at his own cost, and has grown to woman's estate. All the distinguished men of the age flock to the house of the illustrious sage, and are hospitably received and entertained by him, principally through the good management of the clever niece. Newton seems to have recovered his health, and to a great extent his mental equanimity, but he has been drawn considerably out of his life of seclusion and his abstract studies. He is now a public servant in a practical sense, and is filling the important post of mastership to the mint. At the end of the seventeenth century, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, was Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain; when he took office, he found the current coin of the realm so depreciated by the dishonest practices of many years, that the worst of results were feared for commercial interests. The silver coin had been systematically clipt and pared down, by men who made fortunes by the robbery, even from before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1695, it was considered a mere accident whether a shilling, taken as a legal tender, would prove to be worth more or less than fourpence. One hundred pounds in silver money were weighed upon several occasions, and it was found that the weight which ought to have been four hundred ounces, was only two hundred and forty ounces at Bristol, two hundred and eight ounces in London, and one hundred and sixteen ounces at Oxford. Half, or more than half of the metal originally contained in the coin had been pared away.

The government, having very anxiously deliberated upon this state of affairs, resolved that there was no other remedy for it than to call in all the old coin, and

issue in the place of it new *milled* coin, which could not be pared at the edges without immediate detection. Arrangements were made for carrying this purpose into effect, and a day was named as the last upon which the light coin should be allowed to circulate. Ten furnaces were built in the garden behind the Treasury, and heaps of mutilated crowns and shillings were every day melted into masy ingots, which were sent off to the mint to be recoined. King William was at this time at the head of an army in the Netherlands, and sent home for £200,000, as absolutely essential for the payment of his troops. The officers at the mint declared that it was impossible, under any circumstances, to turn out more than £15,000 worth of new coin every week. The chancellor of the Exchequer had known Newton at Cambridge, and had sat with him in parliament for a short interval some time before; and the statesman appealed to the patriotism of the physical philosopher to come to his aid in this great difficulty. Newton responded cordially to the appeal; and accepted the office first of warden, and afterwards of master, to the coining establishment of the realm. He turned aside from his abstruse studies, and threw the energies of his character entirely into the work that he had taken in hand. Very soon there were nineteen mills working together at the Tower, and auxiliary mints were brought into activity in the five principal extra-metropolitan cities of the kingdom. £120,000 worth a week of silver money was by this means issued to meet the wants of the king and the land; and by the end of the century, the tempest had been victoriously encountered, and the state safely steered through the threatening dangers of the storm.

As might have been anticipated, Lord Halifax became, after this co-operation, the grateful friend of the philosopher. During the early years of the eighteenth century, the distinguished statesman was constantly seen at the little levées of the monarch of science. When he died in 1715, he left his friend's niece a legacy of £5000, and all his jewels, besides having procured for her a crown-grant of the rangership and lodge of Bushy Park. Two years subsequently, Catherine Barton married a gentleman of the county of Hampshire, John Conduit: the newly married pair lived with the philosopher in his house in Martin Street, Leicester Square, for four years, the husband helping the master of the mint in his labours; and when, six years subsequently to that, the master laid down his office in the ordinary course of nature, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, his nephew by marriage became his successor.

Newton was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705, for his services to the state, and in recognition of his great attainments. The picture presented of him in his later years possesses a peculiar charm. It is probable that the gentle violence put upon his inclinations, at the instance of his friend Lord Halifax, really lengthened his days, by withdrawing him from the routine of exhausting thought in which he had previously involved himself. His hair was then as white as snow, but this was almost the only sign he bore of the wearing effect of time. He seemed to have entirely recovered from his temporary impairment of vigour. His senses were penetrating and clear, and his intellect still powerful and keen. His extraordinary life had comprised within itself a long series of triumphs and victories, but not the least remarkable of these was the one which he achieved over his natural despot, the big brain, when, having accepted the wardenship of the mint, he wrote to the astronomer-royal: 'I do not like to be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by our own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I am about the king's business.' It is very pleasant to think of the discoverer of universal gravitation

thus in the end emancipating himself from the thrall of his own idiosyncrasies, and coming down from the heavens to go about the 'king's business' with the simple earnestness of one led solely by the sense of duty.

DR KLINDINGER'S CREOLE SERVANT.

MANY years ago, a certain doctor, Hermann Klindinger, came to reside in a small town in the south of Italy. With a profound store of practical knowledge, Dr Klindinger was also known as a man singularly devoted to the pursuits of experimental science; sometimes so manifested as to cause no small amount of apprehension in the minds of the simple race around him. He had been heard to talk mysteriously of some curious secrets he possessed relative to the vital principle; and awful were the pranks he played on the bodies of two malefactors who had been executed for murder in a neighbouring district; and which he had, though with some difficulty, obtained from the authorities. The good padre of the little town came at length to remonstrate against proceedings which every one said bore the stamp of diabolical agency; and which threatened to clash so seriously with the pious opinions of his flock.

'Most worthy Dr Klindinger,' said the priest, 'your experiments, though doubtless intended for an excellent purpose, are certainly quite opposed to the spirit of religion. It is a dangerous presumption with which men are now-a-days possessed—that of investigating those sacred mysteries of nature which Providence meant should be for ever veiled from us in this life. Our Holy Mother, the Church, has always wisely discountenanced any tendency in that direction, as being subversive of true faith and simplicity of heart; and I would suggest to you, signor—who, being a heretic and a stranger, are very likely not aware of the objections which exist here to your scientific experiments—the wisdom of at least confining them within narrower limits.' As the padre spoke, he gazed curiously at the physician, whose manner, however, betrayed neither annoyance nor alarm at this somewhat authoritative address.

'Very reverend padre,' said he, 'the experiments you speak of, I should imagine, not of any reprehensible nature, being calculated to promote the progress of humanity—an end which, it seems to me, is peculiarly within the province of true religion. Since, however, there exists a prejudice against them in the community of which I am a member, it is certainly desirable that they should be concealed as much as possible from public knowledge.' The physician spoke these words with perfect courtesy, but accompanied with a sort of mocking, icy smile, which was, however, not perceived by his visitor. He was a man of middle age, whose very pallid face was warmed by no breath of human passion, but seemed informed solely by the clear, cold light of intellect. Opposite to him sat the worthy padre, with the veritable priestly visage which is known all the world over.

The doctor again addressed his visitor. 'Perhaps, excellent padre, you would condescend to partake of some refreshment in my house? Although devoted to the interests of science, I do not quite forget the wants of the body; and I can promise to set before you some of the very choicest vintage.'

'Thanks, worthy doctor,' said the priest; 'your hospitality I shall be happy to accept.' The doctor rose, and, walking to the door, was heard to give directions to a domestic on the subject of the proposed refreshment. In a few minutes the door opened, and a young man, dressed in a rich and fanciful costume, entered, bearing in his hand a salver, on which sparkled, like ruby, the rich and generous wine; but it was not on the wine, much as he appreciated

its promised qualities, that the eye of Padre Boboli rested—he started up in terror, and a shock passed over his face.

'It is only my creole servant, Diego,' said the doctor. 'But my inoffensive attendant seems to produce a strangely unpleasant impression upon the good people of this village; thus it is that I so seldom allow him out of doors. Within, he has but one to terrify, and that is my old housekeeper, Gianetta, whom I can scarcely prevail upon to sit with him in the same room.'

'Mother of God!' said the priest with a shudder. 'Surely, signor, there is something more than natural in the aspect of your servant. His look appals me—it is diabolical! O signor, signor, surely here has been your art at work in some way—this man is a horrible lusus nature!

'Nay, nay, indeed, Padre Boboli. Poor Diego exists in perfect accordance with the usual laws of humanity, even as you and myself. Pray, look at him again, and you will find on closer inspection that he is really, if anything, a well-looking fellow.'

The padre did look, and shrank back again with even greater terror than before. Yet the doctor spoke truly when he called Diego a good-looking fellow—that he certainly was, so far as mere physique went: he was tall, of a figure perfectly symmetrical, and with much of the indolent grace so characteristic of the creole; his features were regular and delicately chiseled, but his complexion was of a colourless, almost livid hue, made more strikingly conspicuous by a mass of ebony hair and an eye of burning black. But the expression—ay, ay, there it was!—the expression of that face was in truth appallingly horrible: it made the heart of poor Father Boboli actually bound and leap up into his throat: it was like no other face he had ever seen, and suggested the idea as of one divided from natural existence by some strange and indefinable barrier. By its means, all the physical perfection before described became transmuted into something a thousand times more repulsive than the presence of absolute ugliness and deformity; and yet in it there was nothing evil—only a terrible discordancy, as it were, with all that was perfect and admirable in the organisation. Something great and sacred had been neutralised or profaned—it was impossible to say what; but this belief gradually stole upon the mind, that here had been violated some great law of being—in this human face, ruined and distorted, was apparent the diablerie of art in antagonism with the sanctity of nature. The priest, after a few moments of terrified silence, at length muttered something about taking leave, and moved hurriedly towards the door.

'May I beg, Signor Padre,' said the physician, 'that you will not depart so soon, and without the refreshment already at hand. If the presence of my servant be repugnant to your reverence, I shall dismiss him forthwith.' Diego,' he added, 'thou mayst now retire; we can dispense with thy attendance.'

The creole looked up with a vacant stare, and, with a sort of crouching obeisance to his master, slowly left the room.

Padre Boboli drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'Heaven be thanked,' he said, 'that this creature has disappeared! I protest, signor, I shall not soon recover the shock of his presence. Forgive my suspicions,' said the priest, with a glance as keen as an arrow, 'but I do apprehend, Dr Klindinger, that there is some awful mystery connected with your creole.'

The doctor smiled his icy smile, and with the most unruffled politeness and apparent good-humour, endeavoured to dispel the impressions of the alarmed cleric.

'Truly, good padre,' he said, 'you are quite mistaken. My servant, I do confess, is certainly a singular-looking being, but that is explicable on very simple grounds: to

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say truth, when I first saw him it was as a supposed incurable lunatic. I once visited Porto Rico on some business connected with my profession, and in a barbarously neglected asylum for the insane this man attracted my particular notice. He had been for two years outrageously mad, in consequence of a severe brain fever. I proposed to take him under my care, and was allowed to do so without any opposition. A desire to test the power of my art, I confess, actuated me to this proceeding more than any feelings of benevolence, as it is one of my theories that no lunatic is incurable; and in this instance, my efforts to restore comparative sanity have been successful. Diego, as you see, has become my attendant, and is really a most trustworthy and devoted creature. He is still a little amiss in the cranium—there is a jar somewhere; but in time I hope to remove it. To convince you, worthy padre, of his perfect harmlessness, I can assure you he sleeps in a room inside that which I myself occupy.'

As the doctor gave this explanation, there was a triumphant mockery in his eye—too dimly visible, however, to strike upon the disturbed perception of Father Boboli. The priest tried to be satisfied with the story he had heard, but his trouble could not subside instantaneously: to aid, however, in that desirable effect, he applied to his lips the goblet of Lachrymae, handed to him by the physician, and after one or two draughts, became a much more tranquil man. His eye lost its look of overwrought terror, and the ruddy tinge came back to the plump cheek, which before had lost every trace of colour.

'Signor Klindinger,' he said, 'how is it that you fear not to retain this man in your service, considering he may one day break out a more violent lunatic than before? And, truly, notwithstanding your confidence in your art, I should be inclined to predict some such catastrophe; for methinks nothing but smouldering madness could produce an expression like that which I have beheld. The eye,' continued the padre, shuddering slightly—'ah! that was indeed terrible. Why, signor, the man might well be taken for a *jettatore*. I felt that glance shoot through my marrow, and congeal my very blood. Would to God, worthy doctor, you were a believer in our holy church—then would it be possible to exercise on this wretched being the healing power of religion. I, signor, possess a reliquary, which has in truth effected wondrous miracles, and this I shall be happy to place at your disposal: even with the drawback of incredulity, I doubt not that it will prove beneficial.'

The doctor listened with much apparent deference, and thanking the good padre, professed himself imbued with much respect towards the miraculous relics, although he could not, unfortunately, lay claim to the requisite amount of faith. At this moment, the door opened, and Diego again appeared, and approached, as if for the purpose of making some communication. His eye blazed very bright, and was directed towards the priest with an unpleasant stare. He seemed inclined to speak, but his lips emitted nothing more than a vague, hoarse murmur: his master at once comprehended this rude language, and turning to the terrified priest, informed him that the message of Diego was to convey that he—the padre—was required without. The good man, hurriedly taking leave of his host, started up, and as quickly as possible made his way out of the house. On his disappearance, the doctor indulged in a short sardonic laugh; and with an expression coldly malignant, turning to Diego, said: 'Truly, my domestic, thy precious existence promises to attain to some notoriety. Here am I, even in this remote corner of the globe, taken to task for my grand experiment. Holy church, in the shape of this corpulent padre, will, I fear, cause me no small amount of trouble.' As he directed his eye

towards the creole, the features of the man became darkened with a sort of animal rage; but there was blended with it a certain bewildered look, as of one wandering in the delirium of a fever, which was truly piteous to behold. With an uncertain movement, he advanced towards his master, and emitted the same hoarse murmur before described. The physician looked scrutinisingly at his servant, as if coolly observing the symptoms of a patient, and then addressing him said: 'Good Diego, go down to old Gianetta, who will doubtless be pleased with her companion. I can now quite dispense with your presence.' The creole moved mechanically to the door, much with the same aspect as a dog which obeys the command of a human creature, whom it feels to be a superior and controlling power.

This Diego was doubtless a singular and fearful puzzle: whatever might be the secret connected with him, it was known to no other than the man of science, who regarded him, apparently, more in the light of a cunning machine than as a being of the same species with himself. It is a fact well ascertained, subsequent to the occurrences here narrated, that Doctor Klindinger had been known to remove suddenly from various places where he had made his abode, in consequence of the attention attracted by this hateful creole. Half-whispered stories there were of various mysterious doings between master and servant, which made people's blood run somewhat cold, and rendered the presence of the physician excessively odious and repulsive. In this simple Italian village, he had reckoned, it seemed, on being left to follow out his scientific ideas in peace; but he was woefully mistaken. The good folks had eyes, ears, and tongues, and made up for their incapacity to discover the secret of the doctor's art, by an amount of conjecture which, if not of the most acute kind, was at least rich in fancy. Not many weeks had Dr Klindinger been settled in his new abode, and already had his pursuits been closely watched, and he himself the subject of general inquiry. The old woman whom he had employed as his housekeeper, after the first day, absolutely refused to sleep in the house. She would not, she said, rest under the same roof with this diavolo creole. With difficulty did the physician, by ample recompense, induce her to remain even during the day. It was not alone pecuniary consideration, however, which induced the excellent Gianetta to do even so much. Her curiosity was strongly at work; and what with the desire of satisfying it, and the importance of being in a position to do so more easily than her neighbours, the good woman's terror was sufficiently neutralised and kept within due bounds. She had, nevertheless, still need of great powers of endurance, for startling and fearful were the appearances around her. This hideous Diego seemed actually possessed of a devil. He was as mischievous as a baboon, unless under the eyes of his master, and, like that animal, was endowed with singular powers of uncouth mimicry; he also appeared to have some faint perception of the faculty of humour, and in several ways worried and tortured his ancient fellow-servant: he would steal behind her back at times, and on suddenly turning round, she would catch him grinning diabolically, as if enjoying her terror; then he stole her cakes and preserves, for he was an enormous glutton, with a maw, in fact, which appeared as if it could never be appeased. It was evident, however, with all the pranks of Diego, that he still laboured under a sense of restraint and inferiority; he would often crouch in a corner on hearing the voice of his master, and exhibit every symptom of the most abject terror. Even of Gianetta he entertained a sort of apprehension, for she had only to look at him somewhat sternly, when he would sneak off with a subdued and drooping aspect. There were occasions, certainly, when he did indulge in desperate paroxysms of fury,

and he was then intolerable to behold. Once that Gianetta had threatened to have him corrected by his master for some piece of thievery, he started up and sprang at her like a tiger, with such a desperate, fiendish look and howl, that the poor dame declared to the doctor that no reward would induce her to remain another hour in the house. In vain the Signor Klindinger promised, for the future, to keep such a watch over the creole that he would never again venture upon such measures—in vain he inflicted on the offender the severest corporal punishment, still Gianetta's terror could in nowise be allayed; she would not stay, and departed with her nerves dreadfully shaken, and the mystery she had come to investigate still undiscovered. No other ancient female could be found to replace her; so the doctor, albeit averse to a juvenile domestic, as being likely to promote greater facility of intercourse between his establishment and his curious neighbours, was compelled to accept the proffered services of a certain young damsel named Bianca, whose glowing olive cheek and clear eye indicated a considerable amount of health and spirit. Bianca was a plump and handsome Hebe, and the horrible creole at first sight of her actually betrayed considerable signs of admiration: he stared and chattered until the poor girl became faint with terror; and it was not until the doctor had subjected him to another course of discipline, that he ceased his disagreeable manifestations.

The occupation of Diego was solely to wait upon his master; this office he performed in much the same manner which one would observe in the movements of a well-trained monkey: his actions seemed to be the result of simple instinct alone, directed into a certain channel by means of the controlling human agency to which he was subject; his attempts at speech were barbarous, resembling the jabber of an idiot; but his master could, after some pains, teach him to pronounce many words and phrases, so as to make himself quite intelligible; yet with such a voice and manner as one could not, after all, suppose were those of a human creature. Sometimes it seemed not less astonishing to hear speech from Diego, than if it were emitted from the mouth of an orang-outang, or even the most inferior species of monkey.

Dr Klindinger, it was observed, had an antipathy, if not a feeling of positive malignity, towards his unfortunate attendant. Cold as he now was, the man of science bore in his face the traces of intense and violent passions: that icy aspect was evidently the result of a nature once convulsed to its centre, and at length, exhausted of all its fire, arisen from the ruins of the past into the calm cold region of intellectual abstraction. With his mysterious attendant, the doctor was frequently shut up, and loud altercations, as it were, had been heard between them. Once, the girl Bianca was intrepid enough to steal on tiptoe to the chamber door, and peep within. There she saw a strange sight: the creole, apparently a corpse, lying back on a couch, and the doctor administering to him some liquor out of a phial. After a short time, the creature revived, and then the girl heard an angry howl, but not certainly proceeding from the lips of Diego; no—it came as if from another corner of the room. And now—was it fancy?—a third, a shadowy presence as it seemed, hovered above the pair. The girl might be mistaken, for she could not see quite distinctly. A creeping sensation of terror at length overcame her, and she was fain to betake herself immediately to the lower apartments.

It was now about midsummer, and as Father Boboli was returning from a distant mission, he had occasion to pass by the secluded residence of Dr Klindinger. The evening had begun to set in, and the padre was not free from some serious apprehensions as he approached the mysterious premises. There was a

large garden adjoining the cottage, dark with tall yews and myrtles, and having a wilderness of rich flowers now trailing around, half wild from neglect. In this garden, the priest heard the unskillful tinkle of a guitar, accompanied by a strange hoarse voice; then a slight rustle, and at length the words 'Padre Boboli, Padre Boboli!' pronounced with a chuckling accent. All at once, the head of the creole was seen to emerge from the shade of the trees, and appear over the slight enclosure of the garden, looking out with a grotesquely horrible grin at the unhappy priest. He seemed mischievously inclined, but at this moment the doctor was heard in a loud voice to summon 'Diego.' The creole instantly retreated, and the padre was not slow in hastening in another direction. He had received a serious fright, from the effects of which he actually became ill. In his sick-chamber he requested the attendance of Dr Klindinger, and was in due time waited upon by the physician.

'Are you aware, Signor Doctor,' said the padre, 'that my present illness has been actually caused by the sudden and threatening appearance of your creole last evening? Doctor, doctor! why do you persist in allowing that horrible being to rove at liberty, and thus perhaps endanger the life and reason of many persons? You will infallibly bring upon yourself the censures of the church and the authority of the law. He should be at once confined in some safe asylum, or evil will undoubtedly come of the affair.'

'I protest, reverend padre,' said the doctor, 'you are unnecessarily alarmed. My servant is incapable of committing any dangerous deed, unless on some serious provocation, or when injudiciously treated. I allow him sometimes to walk in that garden for the necessary air and exercise: it is the only spot he can seek for that purpose, since our worthy villagers would certainly stone him were he seen outside the bounds of my residence. His sudden appearance before you, Signor Padre, was simply a token of recognition, perhaps of reverence; for it is known to you, that this man had been, as I understand, before his unfortunate madness, a devout and zealous Roman Catholic.'

'Say you so, indeed?' replied the priest. 'Then, of a truth, the poor wretch must have meant to solicit my ghostly ministration in some way. I would he were not so horrible, and I would certainly impart to him all the consolation in my power. As it is, however, I cannot overcome the terror I feel at the sight of him: it is unaccountable, inexplicable,' said the puzzled padre.

'It may be,' said the doctor, 'that after a space Diego will be so far advanced towards perfect sanity, as to lose in some measure this expression, which seems to have so strange an effect upon your reverence. It was produced, I have no doubt, by the poor wretch's gross ill-treatment in that miserable asylum from whence he was rescued by me. It is simply the effect of suffering and terror, reverend padre, and will, in all probability, fade away by degrees out of his countenance.'

The padre appeared more composed at this suggestion; and after receiving a prescription at the hands of the physician, allowed him to take his departure homewards.

Some days after the attendance of the physician upon Father Boboli, it was understood in the village that Dr Klindinger had asked and obtained permission to remove from his present abode to an ancient mansion in the vicinity, for many years unoccupied, and now in some degree a ruin. The flickering light of a torch fell upon the figures of the pale physician and his servant as they entered the gloomy portal in the stillness of the night. The giant pines and larches moped and mewed to each other with faint whispers of some stranger advent than these old walls had ever witnessed before. Mystery and horror were now within them;

so said each leafy tongue to the low winds which stole on hurriedly to hear the story.

The old castello was, in truth, remote and desolate enough to secure the new inmates from all intrusion: thither none of the villagers ever ventured. Year by year had the sculptured lions above the gateway frowned grimly down upon vacancy and silence, and the discoloured and fungi-clad walls been unwarmed by any human breath. In the neglected garden, a white marble fountain sent up its melancholy song to the sky out of the graceful ruins of its beauty; the broken figures of faun and dryad lay on the ground, wreathed with the flowering creepers which overran the crumbling structure. One statue only remained perfect—that of the rural Pan, whose ludicrous deformity contrasted strangely with the sad loneliness of the surrounding scene. In this abode of departed grandeur had the doctor and his servant now resided for many weeks, uninterrupted save by the daily visits of Bianca in her character as superintendent of the household. She, poor damsel, was rather ill at ease, for besides the chilling solitude of the castello, which could not but raise up superstitious fancies in her head, she had also to contend with the disagreeable attentions of Signor Diego. He haunted her footsteps perseveringly, but yet in a timid, sneaking way, as if still fearful of punishment. It was inexpressibly repulsive to her to behold this being, wearing all the outward attributes of humanity, imbued with all the fulness of life, yet wanting, apparently, its highest and most precious element. He would sit for hours in a corner of the room, with his peculiar vacant stare, and muttering from time to time some unintelligible gibberish. There seemed really to be no spiritual link connecting his nature with that of the human family—no mental affinity of any kind. Some fatal but indefinable want was there, which deprived him of any place in the scale of his species. On the brute creation he appeared to have the same repulsive effect; the house-dog shrank from his touch with dismay, as if, by its instinct, it recognised a thing anomalous in creation. There were moments when Diego knew absolute gaiety. He grew horribly frolicsome, and then his degradation was more painfully apparent: he would dance, and caper, and whoop after a hearty meal—the very realisation of the mere human animal. Many of the lower passions were strongly developed in him, and looked out with fearful distinctness from those perfect and chiseled features. He could exhibit a strong degree of envy and jealousy upon occasions of a kind perfectly identical with those passions in the inferior animals. He positively abhorred the sight of a handsome young fellow whom he had seen sometimes rather lovingly caress the fair Bianca outside the latticed window, and who generally contrived to see her once, at least, in every week. He certainly possessed strong acquisitive propensities, for the jingling and sparkling of some gold-pieces which he once beheld so wrought upon him, that he instantly darted upon the treasure, and was with much difficulty deprived of it. All these frailties did, like so many rank weeds, flourish luxuriantly in the nature of the unhappy Diego; but they were none which are not indigenous to the material soil of humanity. Sacred is the thought that to this source alone is to be attributed the empire of that evil by which our world is darkened and disfigured—finite in its nature as the corporeal frame from whence it sprang, so must all *evil* one day dissolve and perish, leaving that soul which is incapable of pollution free to seek its native sphere.

Meanwhile, the meditations of Padre Boboli tended not a little in the direction of the old castello, though, sooth to say, it was not within the power of all his curiosity ever to lead him thither. ‘Ah!’ thought the good padre, ‘could I but gain access for only one hour to the secluded apartment in which this strange doctor,

I am informed, pursues his diabolical studies, then might I hope for some ray of light whereby to discover the mystery.’ But vain was that wish. Dr Klindinger’s was a Bluebeard chamber, into which no being but himself ever dared to enter, and which was always secured in his absence beyond the possibility of access. Had the worthy padre been able to accomplish his wishes, he might certainly have made strange discoveries. Among the multifarious papers of the physician, many speculations might be seen by which the man of orthodoxy would have been doubtless puzzled. Here were curious thoughts on the nature of matter and spirit, wild and improbable to the last degree. In the fragments of an old journal were those extravagant ideas: ‘It is hardly possible to suppose that life and the soul are not two distinct principles; that life does not exist independently of the soul, and might continue to exist even were it deserted by the spiritual essence—the soul calmly informing the mortal structure, yet infusing not what we call vitality. This last it is which acknowledges the might of the sharp dagger and the subtle poison. Were the connection, then, dissolved between soul and body, it is my aim to demonstrate that I, Arnold von Ebbenstein, might still, by the grand power of that science whose worshipper I am, maintain the vital principle within that mortal frame.’

Other memoranda there were, evidently relating to the early life of the writer—the history of a dreadful wrong, written in words of scorching fire. There had been a tragedy, such as men talk of with pale cheek and faltering tongue: a woman, young and beautiful, the adored of her husband, had been the victim of unlawful passion, even in the first May morn of wedded life. Under the lurid sky of that Indian island, fate had laid upon three persons her iron grasp; there where the gorgeous flower droops and dies from the rich fulness of its own beauty, and the yellow snake coils in the rank luxuriance of the forest. Then came an hour of vengeance and of blood. But wrongs there are for which blood cannot atone, for which men would gladly follow the destroyer into the shadows of eternity. ‘Yes,’ said the record, ‘men say I am avenged; but well can this heart feel that for me it is no atonement—for me, over whose head the vast universe has reeled and crumbled into ruins—whom the passions of the fiery gulf have blasted with their thunder: the flame which before shot through my veins, is now become a subtle, deadly poison. I am cold—cold. Now for my purpose, be thou my handmaid, great goddess of science! It rambled on again: ‘Am I then successful? Most meet, in sooth, is thy condition of being, O man of merciless and brutal passion. Here grovel in the dust at my feet—crawl as a serpent: thou shalt drink to the dregs of misery and debasement. . . . Come, then, impalpable thing!—come and mourn over thy vile habitation. It is the subtle torture I designed. It may be hellish, be it so—but it is revenge. Here it lives and glows, a portion of the fiery tortures of mine own soul. Ah! there is an irresistible fascination, a fatal necessity, full of misery and despair, by which men are hurried on as surely as by the intensest longing of the heart after happiness and rest. Strange it is that the strongest and most ungovernable impulses of humanity, instead of pleasure, involve only pain. . . . Is this the end, then, of those dreams so pure and lofty in their aim? Now, now alone, wandering through the vast solitudes of space, in that awful self-containment which overleaps for ever the bounding-line of mortality.’

But out of this chaos of faded and crumpled manuscripts, it would, however, have been rather a difficult task even for the prying eyes of Father Boboli to put together an intelligible or connected story; it would scarcely have done more than to whet his curiosity to a very acute point, and fill his mind with ideas of vague horror. Better far for the worthy padre that

his hand should never grasp those evidences of an overwrought and unhappy nature.

It was late one autumn night when Dr Klindinger retired to his antiquated sleeping-apartment, lit only by a single lamp. Pacing up and down, the physician found himself suddenly standing opposite a huge, half-dimmed mirror, with a curious frame of arabesque devices, where his figure was fully reflected; while, at the same time, it was reproduced upon the opposite wall in dark and gigantic shadow. The sight seemed to call up a disagreeable sensation, for the gazer turned away with a shrinking and uneasy gesture. There was something indescribably spectral in the aspect of that triad group—those hollow, flashing eyes, that bloodless cheek and lip, appearing with awful fidelity in the dim and silent mirror, the faint outline on floor and wall imaging forth more appropriately still this idea of impalpable spirit; so the three figures stood, until there might have well risen up in the mind of the physician a strange confusion of ideas regarding the identity of the elusive and impalpable ego. Then his thoughts wound on and on; and he, the man of intellect and science, who had delved and wandered through all the intricacies of being, and snatched therefrom secrets dark and dread, now stood vainly and frantically, as of old, seeking for that great central point to which the might of mind ever aspires, yet can never, in mortality, hope to attain. But this man, even within the narrow whirling circle of the human, had he not with desperate hand seized upon the operative power of nature, and profanely wrested its prerogatives to his own wrong purposes! The occult and daring investigations of the physician tended not in the direction of that golden track which leads to the knowledge and development of the harmonies of creation, which is the end and aim of a philosophy holy and wise; but rather, for his heavier curse, in that false path of discordancy and opposition, by which the springs of the great machinery are disordered and broken.

After a short space, Dr Klindinger turned away, and opening a cabinet of inlaid ebony, took from it a little phial filled with a beautiful vermilion liquor, clear and pure as the loveliest rose diamond: he removed the stopper, and an odour so exquisite filled the apartment that it might well seem as if wafted from the bowers of the primal Eden. He poured a few drops into a little cup of crystal water, and entering an inner apartment, approached a couch, upon which lay the motionless figure of the creole: he lay in a painful and rigid attitude, and it could scarcely be ascertained whether indeed he slept, or was not locked in the clasp of some hideous cataleptic death. The old expression was still on the face, the paleness of which was so intense that one could not but gaze with awe, questioning within himself whether here were not before him the silent and deserted abode of a departed intelligence. The physician stooped over the couch, and gently poured through the half-open lips of its occupant a portion of the red and perfumed liquor. There was an instant movement—the eyes gradually opened, and the frame became instinct with life. The creole started up with a convulsive movement, and gazed upon the doctor with that look so often described in all its strange and undefinable horror.

'Of a verity,' exclaimed the physician, with a hoarse laugh, 'why, old Simon Magus could not have done it better, neither could the great Albertus himself. Ah!' he said in lower tones, 'they worked not, after all, as I have done, those princes of the crucible and furnace.'

Now another figure appeared in the room, hovering with threatening air over the couch of the creole. This was a shape dark and shadowy, bearing in every lineament a fearfully exact likeness to the mysterious Diego—a resemblance vivid and distinct indeed, yet with a certain singular dissimilarity. Could it be imagined

that the earthly and degraded form of the creole had actually put on the lucid robe of immortality, leaving behind all the grossness of the mortal frame, then could this strange apparition be easily realised; but there still lay the half-recumbent figure of Diego, looking convulsively upward, and seeming to claim a certain affinity to the shape which hovered above. The physician regarded the dual figures with an expression somewhat approaching to awe, and yet with a mixture of defiance and evil passion impossible to describe. The shadow seemed ever and anon to emit cries of despair; in its lineaments were depicted unutterable misery and pain, yet mingled with a sort of sad and majestic sublimity. 'Torment me not!' it was heard to say. 'Let the hour of forgiveness come. Thou and I shall meet again!' Gazing down on the horrible aspect of the creole, it seemed to writhe with agony. Face to face now stood the two, looking fixedly on each other with frenzy nameless and unknown; then the voice sounded no more; the shadowy presence faded into air, and with a sigh of relief the physician walked slowly away.

Some days after this inexplicable scene, as Padre Boboli was walking in his cassock from the church, he saw outside the humble hotel of the village a party of travellers, who seemed seeking for a further mode of conveyance on their journey. Just as the padre was about to accost one of the group, he saw crossing the narrow pathway the tall figure of Dr Klindinger. As he approached, one of the travellers, a man of noble and distinguished air, started back with a look of amazement and terror, as if he could not trust the evidence of his senses. The doctor, on his part, seemed not less startled; he paused, changed colour, and finally walked on with hurried steps. The gentleman approached the priest, and said in a very agitated voice:

'May I beg, Signor Padre, that you will give me some information with regard to the person whom I have just now seen—that tall man who has so quickly disappeared?'

'Certainly, signor,' said the padre. 'That is our resident physician, Dr Klindinger, a stranger who some time since settled mysteriously in our locality. He is a singular man,' continued the padre, 'as you, signor, might easily learn were I to tell you all I know of him.'

'Dr Klindinger!' said the stranger. 'Ah, truly, good padre, you are mistaken; that undoubtedly is not—But,' continued he, 'I do not wish to say more on this subject.'

'Truly, signor,' said the reverend father impatiently, 'it would be desirable that you should, if possible, give every information in your power relative to the said Dr Klindinger. There are strange rumours abroad with regard to him and his creole servant—that diabolical being! And methinks it would be more conducive to the benefit of our rustic community had the said Dr Klindinger never been seen amongst us.'

'Creole servant, did you say?' questioned the gentleman. 'How extraordinary!' He thought for a few moments with evident terror, and then turning to the priest, said: 'Good padre, as I and my fellow-travellers intend remaining here for the night, I shall, if you condescend to wait upon us, communicate to you all I know of this so-called Dr Klindinger.'

The priest called at the appointed hour, was received by the stranger, and then a very singular narrative came to be related.

'He, Signor Padre, whom you call Dr Klindinger, was once known by the name of Arnold von Ebbenstein, a man famous for his devotedness to the cause of science. Going to one of the West Indian Islands, he there met a young and lovely girl, whom he married, and who was ruined by the base passion of a certain Signor Alonzo de Castro, a Spanish creole,

who had been a discarded lover. A terrible revenge was taken by the frantic husband. Hate seemed to have transformed Arnold von Ebrenstein into a fiend: he murdered, barbarously murdered this man, and immediately disappeared from the island, taking with him the body of his enemy.'

'How, signor?' said the priest with starting eyes; 'what do you say?—took with him the body of the creole?'

'Ay, truly, reverend padre, did he; but for what purpose is not understood.'

The countenance of the priest grew deadly pale; he muttered and crossed himself, the very picture of the most extreme and abject fear. 'O signor, signor! this is dreadful!'

'Explain, good padre,' said the gentleman.

'Did I not tell you, signor, that the doctor had with him a creole servant—a horrible, hideous being, who is the plague of every one around him?'

The stranger listened, half curiously, half fearfully, as if with some hidden thought, which, however, assumed no distinct shape. The priest went on.

'Signor, have you seen, ever seen this creole who was murdered?'

'Yes, good padre; he was a man of remarkable appearance—handsome in an eminent degree.'

That evening the padre contrived, by means of Bianca, to introduce the stranger into the garden of the doctor's residence, where Diego was listlessly wandering up and down. The creole went on, pacing slowly, then turned round, and revealed fully to the beholders the entire horror of his hideous visage. The stranger uttered a terrible cry, and fell at length totally insensible to the ground. At this moment, attracted by the noise, appeared the pale face of Dr Klindinger, who beheld with dismay the spectacle before him, whereby he felt convinced the mystery of his life had been, by some strange accident, discovered.

Next morning the lifeless body of Diego was found carefully disposed upon a couch, bearing no trace of its former frightful expression. Of Dr Klindinger, notwithstanding the most rigorous search made for him in all directions, no further intelligence could be ever after obtained; but he assuredly left behind him recollections, which could not easily be effaced, of both himself and his creole servant Diego.

'THE PIKE, SIR.'

WAS there ever anything so absurd as a turnpike? You start on a summer pleasure-exursion—sunshine, mirth, anticipations of the pleasant picnic, perhaps secret hopes of the smiles of one of the fair constituents of the party: all is rattle and glee. Before getting a mile on, you are arrested by a gate, and a surly Cerberus attending it. 'The pike, sir.' It is not a great sum you have to pay—but what a time for paying anything! What a squirt of cold water it throws in upon the steam of hilarity! Or say you are setting out on an unavoidable winter-journey, outside of some sort of vehicle—gloved, great-coated, muffled up, to meet the inclemency of the day—hands thrust in somewhere, to keep them warm. Every few miles, you come to a toll, where all your mullings have to be undone, in order to get at the shilling which carries you through! Could a petty tax be levied in a more harassing way? Ten payments, perhaps, in one day. Surely it is the very perfection of incommodiousness for the subject.

The public taxes are raised by a machinery which costs, we believe, about three per cent. of the sum exacted. But suppose we were to be visited every day for fifteenpence of house or window duty, what would the percentage of cost be then? That would assuredly be a very absurd way of raising a house or window duty. Well, it is precisely the plan we take for

raising the tax required to keep roads in repair. Every six or seven miles, and everywhere at the borders of a county, we set down a man in a small house by the wayside, to exact from each traveller the portion of tax for the brief space of road over which he has to travel before he comes to another officer of the same kind. We give ourselves the cumbrance of satisfying perhaps half-a-dozen collectors for one species of tax in a single day. And all these men, of course, have to be supported. Everybody, of course, wishes them—anywhere; but they must all, nevertheless, make a living by their wretched idle trade.

In a moderate-sized county in Scotland (Forfarshire) there are forty-one such tax-shops, each with its tax-man. The whole money annually collected by the trustees, on an average of three recent years, was £9731, or £237 per toll. Think of keeping up a man with a wife and family to collect so small a sum! Why, he must have at least a fourth, if not a third more, to himself, for his trouble. The cost of collecting of this tax appears to be fully twenty-five per cent. It is perfectly monstrous.

What stamps the plan with a peculiarly barbarous character, is the principle at the bottom of it. Tolls, it appears, are established in one district solely with a view to tax another. 'At the best,' says a late report for Forfarshire, 'it [the system] is a device by which one county or district is enabled to throw a portion of the expense of its roads upon its neighbours, while these neighbours in their turn adopt of necessity the same expensive machinery to tax others. If a correct debtor-and-creditor account could be made up for the whole country, shewing, on the one hand, the receipts derived from through-traffic, and, on the other, the expense of keeping up toll-houses and bars, and paying tacks-men, it is thought that the latter would nearly neutralise the former. A district might thus shew that it gained £1000 from their neighbours at an expense of £800, leaving a balance of £200 in its favour, while their neighbours might shew a similar profit. But it is quite clear that there is here an immense loss to the general community.' The system reminds us of the illustration given a great many years ago for a pamphlet of worthy old Perronet Thomson on the corn-laws, representing the monkeys of Exeter Change all striving to flinch from each other's pans, and destroying a large proportion of the entire food of the party in the process.

How strange it seems that a system so preposterous should have been fully exposed upwards of ten years ago,* should have then been the subject of much discussion, and generally admitted to be bad, and yet should still survive!

TRUTHFULNESS IN WORKS OF ART.†

At a performance in the theatre of —, one of the scenes was an oval edifice in the form of an amphitheatre, in which were painted several spectators in the position of looking at the representation below. Many of the real spectators in the pit and boxes were displeased with the idea of a subject so unreal and so improbable being placed before them. On this point, the following conversation took place between the artist who painted the scene and one of the spectators:—

Spectator. I cannot comprehend on what grounds you can defend such a representation.

Artist. I still think I shall be able to do so to your satisfaction. When you go to a theatre, do you expect that everything which you are going to see shall be true and real?

* In an able treatise, entitled *Road Reform*, by Mr W. Pagan, Cupar-Fife.

† Translated from the works of Goethe.

Sp. No, I do not; but what I do expect is, that everything shall seem true and real.

Art. Pardon me, my friend, if I deny you that. I maintain that you do not expect any such thing.

Sp. Well, this really is strange. If the spectator did not wish everything that is represented at least to seem true and real, why should the painter take so much trouble to draw every line strictly in accordance with the rules of perspective, and to represent every object to perfection? Why should there be so much pains taken, so much money expended, to keep true to the costume of the times to which the spectator is to be transferred? Why do we consider him the greatest actor who expresses feelings most truly, whose speech, attitude, and mien approach nearest to the truth—who, in fact, carries illusion so far that we imagine we see the reality, and not merely an imitation of it?

Art. You express your feelings very well, but it is more difficult than you perhaps imagine to know clearly what you feel. What will you say if I tell you that theatrical representations never seem true, but that they have only a semblance of truth?

Sp. You draw a fine distinction between words, which indeed seems to me to be merely an equivocation.

Art. When we speak of mental effects, we cannot choose our words too nicely; and I think an equivocation of this kind indicates that, being unable to state clearly what our inward feeling is, we endeavour to answer the question at once from two points of view by using expressions of a double meaning.

Sp. Be it so. But I would wish you to explain your meaning by examples.

Art. Nothing will be easier. When you go to the Opera, is it not a real perfect enjoyment to you?

Sp. One of the most perfect that I know, if everything is in accordance.

Art. But when you hear that the people on the stage meet singing, that they greet each other singing, that they sing the letters they receive, express their love, their hatred, all their passions in songs, that they fight singing, and die singing—can you say that the whole representation, or a part of it, seems true, or that it even has a semblance of truth?

Sp. I must confess, if I consider it that way, I cannot say that I think the representation true.

Art. And yet you will allow you derive real enjoyment from it?

Sp. I cannot deny it. It is true, I remember the time when people used to ridicule operas on account of their gross improbabilities: but I also know that I nevertheless always derived great pleasure from it, and that I derive more and more through the progress we have made in operatic performances.

Art. Do you, then, even in an opera, find the illusion perfect?

Sp. Illusion! Well, I do not think I would use that expression; and yet it is a kind of illusion, at least something very nearly related to it.

Art. Might you not say that it is a forgetting of yourself; you feel charmed?

Sp. I have felt so in many instances.

Art. Can you point out to me under what circumstances this has happened?

Sp. It is difficult to say, but I think I felt most charmed when everything presented the greatest harmony.

Art. In those cases, did the performance present a perfect harmony within itself, or was it the harmony of that performance with some other work of nature?

Sp. Undoubtedly the harmony of the piece within itself.

Art. But you will allow that harmony to have been a work of art?

Sp. Decidedly so.

Art. We just now denied to operas a kind of truthfulness; we said that what was there imitated was not represented in a probable manner; but can you deny to an opera that inner truth which arises from the harmony of a work of art?

Sp. A good opera creates a little world for itself, in which everything is done according to certain laws, and which ought to be judged by its own rules.

Art. Perfectly correct. And does it not follow from this that there is a vast difference between what is true to art and what is true to nature? and that an artist should not, indeed must not, endeavour to give his works the appearance of works of nature?

Sp. And yet very often works of art do appear to us like works of nature.

Art. So they do; but I venture to say that it is only to the uneducated spectator they appear like works of nature. The artist certainly esteems this kind of admirers likewise, but he knows they are only of the lowest grade. Such an admirer will be contented as long as the artist descends to his low degree of appreciation, but he will never be able to raise himself with the artist, and follow him in the lofty flights of his genius.

Sp. The idea is strange, but I do not dislike it.

Art. You would dislike it, if you did not yourself stand upon a higher degree of education.

Sp. You say then, only to the uneducated, works of art appear as works of nature.

Art. Precisely so. Do you remember the birds that flew up to the cherries painted by the great master of antiquity?

Sp. I do; and does not this circumstance prove that the fruit must have been excellently painted?

Art. Not at all; on the contrary, it proves to me that these admirers were true sparrows.

Sp. And yet I surely could not help considering such a painting excellent.

Art. I will tell you an instance of more modern date. A celebrated naturalist had among his domestic animals a monkey, which he missed one day, and which, after a long search, he found in his library. The animal was sitting on the floor, and had spread round him the illustrations belonging to a new work on natural history. The professor approached with a smile at the literary taste of his companion; but what was his surprise and vexation when he found that the monkey had torn out and eaten up all the beetles he could find in the work!

Sp. Your story is, at all events, amusing.

Art. And applicable too, I hope. You would, of course, not think of comparing these illustrations with the work of so great an artist as the painter of the cherries?

Sp. Certainly not.

Art. But you will reckon the monkey among the uneducated admirers.

Sp. And among the greedy ones besides. This reflection leads me to a strange idea. Should it be that the uneducated require a work of art to be natural, for the very purpose of being able to enjoy it in a natural, and frequently unworthy manner?

Art. I am entirely of that opinion.

Sp. And you think that an artist would humble himself by endeavouring to produce this effect?

Art. I am perfectly convinced of it.

Sp. But tell me this: you were polite enough to place me above the uneducated lovers of art; why, then, does an excellent work of art appear to me as a work of nature?

Art. Because it harmonises with your better nature, because it is supernatural, but not unnatural. An excellent work of art is a production of the human mind, and so far it is also a work of nature. But in combining divided individualities, and presenting even the commonest objects in their utmost importance and

dignity, it is above nature. It must be appreciated by a mind formed and educated in harmony, and such a mind will find excellence and perfection, wherever he meets with them, in accordance with his nature. The common beholder has no idea of this, he looks upon a work of art as upon an article found in the market-place; but the true lover of art does not only see the truthfulness of the imitation, but also the excellencies of the subject itself, the ingenuity of the combination, and the supernatural beauty in the little world of art: he feels that he must raise himself with the artist in order to enjoy his work, he feels that he must leave the world of common things, dwell with the work of art, contemplate it repeatedly, and so create for himself a higher life.

Sp. I feel the truth of what you say, and have often felt similar impressions. But methinks we have strayed too far from the subject that gave rise to our conversation. You wished to convince me that the painted spectators in the scene of our opera were perfectly admissible, but I do not yet see how you have done this.

Art. Fortunately, the same opera will be repeated to-night; will you be at the performance?

Sp. I shall not deny myself that treat.

Art. And the painted spectators?

Sp. Will not scare me away, since I consider myself rather better than a sparrow.

Art. Well, then, my friend, I have certainly gained my point.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

We have the privilege, or esteemed it so until lately, of living in one of the pleasantest spots of the pleasantest country in the world. Our village of Riversmeet has nothing but picturesque dwellings in it, although not two of them are alike; and here is Seaview Cottage upon the very brink of the beach, and in a line with the little pier-head, very elegantly but strongly built of flint-stone—as it has need to be when the nor’-easters set this way—with a stone-balcony running round the upper story, from which there is a grand view of the high white cliffs about St Bride’s in Wales, the green Glamorgan Mountains, and the crowded Channel; and at night a no less interesting one of moving lights at sea and stationary lights on dangerous rocks and at the mouths of narrow harbours. There is Marine Villa, with its union-jack upon the lawn in front, a boat stuck up on end for a summer-house, and walks behind that run zigzag up the cliff. Then, as we get more inland by some fifty yards, there is, close by the stream, Bridge Hall, a four-roomed little doll’s house of a place, with a flight of steps down to the water’s edge, and a little maid upon them always washing dishes; then Rose Bower, whose lattice windows can scarcely be shut for the white and red blossoms that will push their fragrant faces within; and then—one, two, three, yes, fifthly—there is Woodbine Lodge, in magnificent grounds of its own, nearly half an acre, with honeysuckle, and woodbine, and sweetbrier running riot all over the place, as though Mrs Fairseat did not keep a gardener—which she does in common with ourselves and the rector—working for each of us on alternate days; sixthly, comes our own dear darling home, ‘the Fishery,’ which from the east looks down upon the river, and from the south right up the wooded gorge over the Ivy Bridge and the salmon weir to Lillie’s Leap, that great dark pool among the shadows, where the cavalier lady drowned herself when her lover married some other pretty young person—as was the custom, it seems, in the Stuart times. From those of our upper windows which look northward, we catch glimpses of the Channel through the trees; and if you want a whiff of the heather and

the finest air in Devonshire, you have only to climb the hill behind the house to get it. ‘Henrietta’—that’s me—‘Henrietta always gets proxy over the scenery,’ my brother says; and, indeed, I do like to dilate a little about the Fishery and Riversmeet, I’ll own; the very street is so charming in its quaintness and irregularity—here a bow-window and there a bay, and here again the simplest little diamond panes, through which you can scarcely see what is for sale inside. Riversmeet is not London, to be sure, nor Paris, but it supplies all we can require; and as for scenery!—well, until Cousin Clara and her niece came down to stay with us last month, I thought our scenery peerless. They had been on the continent exactly a year; but one would have thought, to hear them, they were some of those unhappy foreigners whose mission it is to prophesy, with such infallible accuracy, the date of Perfid Albion’s downfall, and to underrate every excellency she boasts. ‘O my dear Henrietta,’ said Clara, the instant her arms were off my neck at our first meeting, and the kissing was over—‘we’ve got so much to tell you that I don’t know where to begin; we’ve had such a delightful year, such a charming expedition! Italy, Austria, the Ionian Islands, Greece, Constantinople, Switzerland, and France (but that’s nothing)! Nice place you’ve got here; but you must not expect us to admire English scenery, after what we’ve been used to. Must she, Charlotte?’

Charlotte, her niece, is a round piece of luggage, with a single sentence attaching to her by way of address, which she exhibits very good-naturedly whenever spoken to—‘I’m sur I don no, auntie.’ The rest of her labels—for she had some others before she started, I know—have been torn off and utterly lost in change of trains, diligences, steam-packets, vetturinos, and the like, and in conflicts with extortions and official persons. She remembers dimly some of her foreign sufferings and discomforts, but has forgotten everything else.

‘I’m sur I don no, auntie.’

‘Well, cousins,’ said I laughing, ‘since you have never been at Riversmeet before, it will be strange indeed if we can’t shew you something here both new and striking.’

‘What, my dear?’ said Clara, stopping on the landing, half-way to the red-room, which we had prepared for her, and which looks on one side to the river, and on one side to the sea—what can you possibly have to shew me? Temple, whirlpool, ruin, cathedral, picture-gallery, snow-mountain, geyser, volcano—we’ve seen them all. Ah, my dear Henrietta,’ she went on, sitting down upon the fifth step from the top, ‘you should have climbed Vesuvius. These stairs remind me a good deal, do you know, of Vesuvius—only there are no steps there, of course, and no carpet, for the ground is red hot to tread upon; and there was a naked man, or nearly so, pulling me up by a rope, and another pushing me behind. Some were carried in a sort of sedan; but that’s dreadfully dangerous, your heels being higher than your head, and the bearers wanted two pound ten, or it might have been two and tenpence, for we could never calculate those scud!... Well, what a nice little bedroom! Ah, but you should see the bedrooms in Germany, snowy white and eiderdown; the bed is a-top of you, and the furniture just like that of a sitting-room. Gedenken Sie unser Bedroom zu Cologne, Charlotte?’

‘I’m sur I—O yes, it was where we got taken up by the police. Wasn’t it, auntie?’

‘What was that?’ said I, beginning to feel interested.

‘O nothing,’ said Clara; ‘only a ridiculous business about passports. Charlotte, in my absence, was asked if we had got passports, and she very foolishly said that she was sure she did not know, and they locked us up. It was nothing. What a pretty little river!

Ah, you should see the Mosel—you pronounce it wrongly in England—fifty times its breadth, and with ever so much bigger rocks in it than these, shooting, whirling, fizzing. . . . There now, that little bay across the Channel reminds me immensely of the Gulf of Catania, in Sicily, only, of course, on a very humble scale. This sort of thing seems all so dwarfed and insignificant after having been so much abroad—that's the advantage of foreign travel, it enlarges your mind so much. What a little tuppeny-happenny pier you've got! Ah, you should have seen the—Dear me! that's the second dinner-bell, isn't it? Do you know, in some places in the Tyrol we were summoned to table by a horn—so romantic, was it not? And so were the pigs. We'll be down directly; we never took more than five minutes to dress when we were travelling—table d'hôtes never wait, you know. La, Henrietta—as I was leaving the room—'how queerly your dress sits behind. I never saw a dress sit so in my life, except once, at the baths of Leuk, in Switzerland; but there they wore crowns on their heads, and you don't do that, of course.' She had got her face in the water, but was talking on for all that, when I went down.

It is a thousand pities, thought I, that Cousin Clara, who has been a pleasant person enough for thirty years, should be so changed by thirteen months of foreign experience, as not to permit me to get a word into the conversation—the monologue rather—edgeways; and I wickedly called to memory Mr Hood's similitude of some travelled minds to copper-wires, which get the narrower by going further, for I was outraged by the comparisons which put our dear Riversmeet so completely in the shade; however, determining not to annoy my brother John with complaints, and trusting that memory would fail our guest at last, I came smiling down to dinner. John had been out all the afternoon providing for our table with his rod, and there was a very fine salmon and some trout.

'Trout! I adore trout,' Clara began; 'and these, for their size, are excellent; but you should have seen the trout at—'

I managed to get a bone in my throat, and to enlist Clara's services in patting my back and giving me bread, just here, or John, who is an enthusiast about his trout, would have been much annoyed, I'm sure, by the promised comparison. On she went again!

'Roe? No, thank you; salmon-roe is nothing after caviare. "Caviare to the multitude," you know, because everybody eats it on the west coast of Italy.'

'I thought caviare was a Russian dish?' said I innocently.

'Well, yes, it is in some sort a Russian dish; but it is also a very favourite food with the Italians. Anchovy? Please. Anchovy comes from Italy too, as you may have heard, and gives its name to the island of— No, that's sardines, the by. But it don't matter. Thank you, yes. This mutton reminds me: did you ever happen to taste sheep's ribs dried in the sun, Cousin John?' (My brother, who is fond of delicate eating, here gave a little shudder.) 'Well, you've no idea how good it is; we had it in the Tyrol; no—at St Quirico, in Italy. Didn't we, Charlotte?'

'I'm sur I don no, auntie.'

'Nonsense, child! Don't you remember how angry you made the woman by offering to count her beads for her, if she would only cook our dinner? Charlotte was such a plague that day to us, and would not sleep at night.'

'Mosquitoes,' murmured the niece, 'and a tarantula.'

'O yes, of course,' said Clara, just glancing at the interruption, 'we had our pains as well as our pleasures, privations at times; but then at times what luxuries! Why, this light wine here, which I daresay you give five shillings a bottle for—'

'I give ten!' shrieked brother John, 'and it's real johannisberg.'

'Bless me, is it, indeed? Well, now, that stood us in Florence about a quarter of a scudo—about a shilling.' John to himself, but very audibly: 'That's a hopper.'

'These are capital dumplings, however, of yours; you never get a dumpling out of England, that I will say for it: and the grapes, I suppose, from your nice little hothouse yonder. Ah, if you went to Rome, you'd never touch a grape at home afterwards.'

'What are you eating them for, then?' demanded brother John rather rudely; but as he spends half the day in pruning them, it was enough to put him out.

He was not at all recovered, I could see, when he came to us ladies in the drawing-room, but Clara did not perceive it. 'Well, John, I've been talking to Henrietta, and I must say I think you ought to take her a little ramble abroad next summer—just into Switzerland, or to the shores of the Mediterranean.'

'I'm——' I dropped a cup here, with a great noise, and so lost brother John's answer, but I'm pretty sure he said 'no' by her reply.

'Well, I'm surprised at you, cousin! Men with only one lady to take care of, think themselves exceedingly fortunate abroad, I promise you. Your sister need not have another bonnet, and but very little luggage: it's not usual, I assure you; Charlotte and I travelled all over the south of Europe with a carpet-bag between us. And you can buy your shirts—I heard this from a very nice man whom I sat next to at the Switzer Hof at Lucerne—buy a shirt when you want it, wear it as long as you can without a *blanchisseuse*, and then buy another. Ah, John, you'd so enjoy Napoli!'

'What's that?' growled brother John.

'What you English call Naples, to be sure. Such an enchanting place! Everybody a nobleman, except quite the rabble; and such macaroni! you have to hold it ever so high in the air, throw your head back, and let it settle down gradually upon your stomach. Tea? Thank you. You should taste the Russian tea.'

'This is the Russian tea, my dear Clara,' said I, 'for we are extremely particular about this matter.'

'O dear no; nothing of the sort. Excuse me: your London tradesmen are such cheats. It comes upon camels the whole way, and therefore it is absurd that you should think to get it in England. I like your cream, though, very much. You should taste the goat's-milk upon the Wengern Alps; shouldn't they, Charlotte?'

'Sour,' said Charlotte with a jerk, but very sleepily.

'Yes; there is a piquancy about goat's-milk which requires a continental taste to appreciate it, perhaps. But how late you are,' she broke out; 'it's nine o'clock. We rarely, or never, were up after eight, abroad—seven hours' travelling, seven hours' sight-seeing, and a little time for meals. (John groaned.) Oh, we never stinted ourselves, I assure you; we almost always had one good meal in the day; didn't we, Charlotte? There she's asleep. I've got so much to tell you to-morrow. *Buono notti*, as we used to say at Florence. *Gute nacht*. Good-night to you.'

'Thank Heaven!' said brother John with earnestness.

'Hi! there's no key to the door,' hollowed Clara presently over the banisters. 'I can't sleep without a key, ever since that adventure we had among the Euganean Hills, on the road from Padua to— Oh, never mind, thank you; Charlotte has found our door-faster; we never travelled without it when we were in the—'

'Shut the door!' roared brother John; and I cut short the reminiscence accordingly.

It was pitch dark when I was awakened by my brother's getting up in the next room. I heard him take down the sword that hung over his mantel-piece,

and knew at once that there were robbers in the house. I was too terrified to articulate, but I got out and bolted the door. Presently he went down very cautiously, and immediately afterwards there was a dreadful scream. He had come suddenly with his night-cap and his sabre upon Clara and Charlotte, who, having been accustomed to rise regularly at four o'clock, in order to pursue their journeys, could not now rest in bed after that hour, and were reading by the moderator-lamp in the drawing-room. Though the room had not been touched, of course, and everything was in the last stage of discomfort and disarray, they did not seem to mind it in the least. 'La, bless me, John!' I could hear Clara cry, 'how you did make me jump! Well, I daresay you English people do think us strange; but you don't know what you lose by getting up so late.'

'Late! why it's the middle of the night, woman,' said John.

'Bless you, no; it's long past four. Oh, don't mind; we're quite used to seeing people in dishabille: how queer you look, though, with that thing tied under your chin. Now, you won't believe it, but at Venice I wore just such a thing as that, with a mask for the face besides, on account of the mosquitoes; but we could never keep them off. It was rather interesting to watch them thrusting their delicate little proboscis, like stings!—'

Here my brother ran up stairs three steps at a time, slammed to his door, and tossed and tumbled upon his bed, as though he were at Venice himself, until it was really morning.

Directly after breakfast—during which we had a few passing observations upon the Campagna, the Engadine, and the Dardanelles, which seemed to escape less by the opening of any particular valve than through the absence of any sort of plug whatever—brother John rode off to Stapleton to fetch Dr Bland; he is the cleverest person about Riversmeet, by far the best read and the most anxious for information; and John thought he would be a sort of conductor to Cousin Clara, who had evidently a huge mass of intelligence to let off still. He offered to pay the doctor just the same as for his professional services, if he would consent to remain at the Fishery until Clara should go, which she had promised to do upon the fourth day. In the meantime, poor Riversmeet and I suffered terribly. I took the two travellers to every spot which I thought interesting, and each reminded them of another spot which was twice as good: the Ivy Bridge was condemned by a comparison with that of the St Gothard Pass; Lillie's Leap was likened to some place upon the Rhine, where another young lady had committed a much more determined suicide; and as for our little town, what was it to Interlaken? All these home-beauties, which were once so dear to me, are now inseparably associated with unseen, perhaps imaginary, splendours, before which they pale and shrink. Beside our little mountain tarn, I dream of Como; and when I look up to our church's oaken roof, I sigh for the Vaticans.

My brother brought his prize, the doctor, home with him to dinner, and the campaign, as I expected, was opened with the soup-tureen.

'These beautiful Devon scenes,' said Dr Bland, 'must be a pleasant relief to you, Miss Clara, after the more brilliant pictures you have met with in foreign travel?'

'Ah, sir,' replied my cousin, with a pitying shake of her head, 'you have evidently never been in the Tyrol.'

'Nay,' said he, 'I am perfectly acquainted with every detail of that country. Does not this very spot remind you somewhat of the Valley of the Inn, near Innsprück? What a charming convent that is of Landeck, which looks down upon just such a scene as the Fishery looks up towards!'

'Well, perhaps it does,' confessed Clara; 'but then how small, how confined!'

'Nay,' urged Dr Bland, 'but I think a cabinet picture has its charms as well as a cartoon: Grasmere is, for instance, to the full as lovely as Lake Leman, and infinitely more complete. Must beauty, then, as well as grandeur, be always 10,000 feet above the sea? Look at Suss now, in the Engadine Oberland. You have not seen it? Ah, then, you have missed something indeed.'

'I should like to see Suss exceedingly,' said brother John, rubbing his hands.

'To tell you the truth,' resumed Clara, rather vexed, I thought, 'Italy, and more particularly Turkey, effaced a good deal of the Swiss scenery from our recollection.'

'Indeed,' said the doctor, in a tone of curiosity, 'dangerous as it seemed to me in the extreme, 'what places particularly struck you?'

'Well, the village of Rocca di Papa, for example, that is exceedingly wonderful, but out of the ordinary (stress upon this word) tourist's way.'

'O yes; the little place at the foot of Mount Caro. Did you stay at the "Sons of Italy" inn? and had the charming bow-windowed room over the river too? That spot reminds me very much of Lynmouth, do you know; but it wants the sea, that makes Lynmouth finer.'

'But, after all,' resumed Cousin Clara, after a pause, 'Italy has something soft and effeminate about it, which you must penetrate still more eastward to lose. Now, I suppose, Dr Bland, you never got so far as the Temple of Aegina?'

'There are two,' said the doctor. 'Do you mean that in the Saronic Gulf, opposite Salamis? Ah! well, should you call that particularly masculine? I know many spots in Great Britain grander than that, and equally lovely.'

I confess I began to feel a good deal pleased. Brother John hung upon the doctor's words, as though a relation of foreign experiences was the subject that was dearest to him beneath the sun. There was, too, I think, a sort of dull ray of satisfaction emanating from Charlotte, as though she had never seen her aunt catching a Tartar before. That persevering lady, however, was not going to be beaten without another struggle. Constantinople—she called it Stamboul—was the very extremity of her travelling tether, and the time had now arrived to stake her all upon the chance of the doctor's wanderings not having extended quite so far. Like all travellers who tell tales, she would have much preferred relating them to stay-at-homes, just as Box in the play desires to fight only when he has made himself certain that Cox doesn't know how; but if she could get in an unknown land, the doctor would be as much at her mercy as we. We could see by her collected appearance that she was now about to dispute some last position with all the tenacity of despair.

'Well, Dr Bland, there is a good deal in what you say: neither Greece nor Italy can be said to combine every excellence of natural scenery; it is reserved, I think, for Turkey, the Garden of the World, to surpass all countries in that particular grace wherein each boasts.'

'You don't say so. I should like to hear you speak of two or three of the more remarkable Turkish places, for I have but a very small experience of the empire of the Crescent myself.'

'Well, then, I should say the finest spot in the world—(Cousin Clara kept her eye steadily fixed upon the doctor, and spoke very slowly)—in the whole world for scenery, is, without exception, Buyuk Tchekmedje, upon the Sea of Marmora. Its mosque, its minarets, its kiosk, I shall never forget them; shall you, Charlotte?'

'I'm sur I don no, auntie. O yes, I do—the

cucumbers. You wouldn't get up there, you know, nor so much as look out of window.'

'Pooh, pooh! I don't mean the eating. Do you remember the beautiful solemn burial-grounds? and the—'

'Pardon me,' interrupted the doctor, 'I think you must mean Kutchuk Tchekmedge, not Buyuk Tchekmedge. I know one as well as the other: they are both pretty, but the former has the burial-grounds. The whole mere tourist—(the stress returned with interest)—part of Turkey is as familiar to me as that of France or Belgium, but I thought you might have seen some more of the Balkan than I. A walking-tour over these mountains is the pleasantest thing you can imagine; but mine was scarcely worth mentioning, it was so short. I know nothing like them in Europe, except the hills about Wastwater in Cumberland, which have nearly the same effects. Indeed, after all our toils, Miss Clara, we must agree, I fear, with our two untravelled friends here, that there is no place like home. From Switzerland, from Turkey, from Russia even—although there is a good deal of fine hill-scenery about the Don—I return to Stapleton and to Riversmeet, having found nowhere anything more charming.'

'Thank you, doctor,' said brother John with fervour.

'There's a great deal in what you say, sir,' said Cousin Clara, perfectly humbled.

She never used her memory, 'that tremendous engine of conversation,' descriptively from that date; and although we kept Dr Bland in the house until the last, for fear of a relapse, his remedies were no further found to be necessary. The moment she had gone, brother John and I began to thank him warmly for his services. 'It was the luckiest thing in the world, doctor, that you happened to be a traveller; we had not the least idea of it when we sent for you.'

'No more had I,' said he, laughing in his queer silent way. 'I have never been out of England in my life, but I have read a good deal about foreign parts; and if you really do want any "mere tourist" information about them, I can lend you the whole of *Murray's handbooks*.'

EXPENSE OF THE WAR.

It has been roughly estimated that the total sum expended by all the belligerents during the war cannot fall far short of 2,000,000,000 dollars [L400,000,000]. If to this sum be added the value of property sacrificed in consequence of the war, of the fleets destroyed, the towns burnt, the fortresses, harbours, bridges demolished—all of which cost millions upon millions in their construction—if account be taken of the property of private individuals utterly devastated in the course of the struggle, and of the untold losses occasioned by the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men from the ordinary industrial and productive employments of peace, some idea may then be formed of the deplorable expenditures of the war. During the two short years of the war, it is estimated that upwards of three-quarters of a million perished on the field in fight, on the wayside from cold or want, or in the hospital from disease, who, had they been left to pursue their ordinary avocations, might have enriched their country and benefited their fellow-men. But apart from the material considerations of pecuniary profit or loss, considering the question as one affecting the cause and interests of humanity, who can compute the anguish, the misery, the despair, which war brings in its train? Who can estimate the blighted hopes, the desolate hearths, the crushed fortunes, and countless domestic miseries which war occasions? They are not remembered when the triumph of the hero is celebrated; they are not noted by the chronicler; they are not taken into account by those who engage or provoke the contest to satisfy ambition, lust for power, or some other unworthy passion; and yet they are the saddest, because irremediable, consequences of war.—*New York Journal of Commerce*.

THE SUN AT HOME.

If we be blithe and warm at heart,
If we be sound and pure within,
No sorrow shall abide with us

Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—

We keep the sun at home.

But if our heart be void and cold,
Be sure no good will live therein,
But sorrow for the sorrow's sake,

And sin because of sin;
And aye, the dropping of the leaf,
And aye, the falling of the snow,
And aye, the barren, barren earth—

Though summer winds do blow.

J. P.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAM-BOAT.

There is a good reason why it is built with so little depth in hold. It is to allow the boats to pass the shoal water in many parts of the river, and particularly during the season of drought. For such purpose, the lighter the draught the greater the advantage; and a Mississippi captain, boasting of the capacity of his boat in this respect, declared, that all he wanted was a heavy dew upon the grass to enable him to propel her across the prairies! If there is little of a Mississippi steam-boat under the water, the reverse is true of what may be seen above its surface. Fancy a two-story house some 200 feet in length, built of plank, and painted to the whiteness of snow; fancy along the upper story a row of green-latticed windows, thickly set, and opening out upon a narrow balcony; fancy a flattened or slightly rounded roof covered with tarred canvas, and in the centre a range of skylights like glass forcing-pits; fancy, towering above all, two enormous black cylinders of sheet-iron, each ten feet in diameter, and nearly ten times as high, the funnels of the boat; a small cylinder on one side, the 'scape-pipe; a tall flagstaff standing up from the extreme end of the prow, with the 'star-spangled banner' flying from its peak—fancy all these, and you may form some idea of the characteristic features of a steam-boat on the Mississippi.—*Captain Mayne Reid's Quadroon*.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT THE PROBLEM OF THE Isthmus.

The *Hinchinbrooke* was, in the spring of 1780, employed on an expedition to the Spanish main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon. The plan was formed without a sufficient knowledge of the country, which presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill or perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river, from the rapidity of the current, and the numerous falls over rocks which intercepted the navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects. At San Juan, I joined the *Hinchinbrooke*, and succeeded Lord Nelson, who was promoted to a larger ship; but he had received the infection of the climate before he went from the port, and had a fever, from which he could not recover until he quitted his ship and went to England. My constitution resisted many attacks, and I survived most of my ship's company, having buried, in four months, 180 of the 200 who composed it. Mine was not a singular case, for every ship that was long there suffered in the same degree. The transports' men all died, and some of the ships, having none left to take care of them, sank in the harbour; but transport-ships were not wanted, for the troops whom they had brought were no more; they had fallen, not by the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate.—*Correspondence of Lord Collingwood, published in 1828*.

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